

## Counter Strike

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Summary: Zecht, an agent of SAS is thrust into a life or death situation. Facing off against terrorists. Along with his friends Yuri and Alex. They survive the clutches of death using wits, skill and tactical diversion.

## Counter Strike

Counter-Strike: Mission Dust

PREPARE TO STRIKE!

"Project: Counter-Strike" said Mr. Liam Furrowing his brow he saw what this could do for his special forces unit. It was a top secret method to get rid of terrorists and rogue and misbehaving members of counter-terrorism. His office was hot; but that was because he didn't have the fan on. It was also because he was nervous see for Project Counter Strike to work. We would have to seclude the agents in an area with the terrorists. This was going to be a lot harder than he anticipated. He looked up at the ceiling and frowned. He remembered when the suits came to him and told him to organize this. They hadn't even given him any suggestions. It was irritating.

Mr. Liam

Mr. Liiiiiiaamm

Mr. Liam got up suddenly. He heard a voice.

Mr. Liam

I have a suggestion.

Suddenly a man in a blue suit appeared before him. He looked very sick and didn't look like he had slept a day in his life. His eyes looked very old yet his stance suggested that he was powerful indeed. He smiled at Liam. Mr. Liam, I have a suggestion to our problems.

Who are you? Inquired Mr. Liam much louder than he himself had expected him to address a stranger. But this was different this guy had almost made him piss his pants just right now. It doesn't matter but if you must know for formalities call me : "G-man".

And so the "Madness" Began.

Zecht. That was his codename. Right? Yeah, you sure bet your ass it was. He received a page that he was supposed to go on this last mission and that he'd come back a glorified hero. Turns out in Isreal there were these big sealed boxes around the complex they were supposed to invade. They contained many many chemical agents which could possibly render the entire country dead. It sounded pretty big. But what was weird was the method of insertion. They would be dropped off under a tunnel. Not over under. They were going to dig into the complex. Sounded pretty stupid to him. It was too bad, all the people the higher ups wanted to get rid of were pretty skilled. But he had also heard some pretty vicious things about them as well.

Zecht was in a hotel located a few meters away from the British Embassy. He looked at his watch. It was already ten-thirty. There mission would officially start in half an hour. Zecht left for Embassy there briefing point where if he survived this he would finally get to go home and maybe do something with his life.

Zecht was fun and loving and understanding about the current situation. NOT. He didn't know what the hell was going on. This digging machine was purely retarded. He was stuck in a giant tank with digging underground causing LOTS of noise which would most likely alert the terrorists to our presence anyway. He felt like smacking the hell out of the director of this mission. Not only that, he was stuck with all of these loose cannons. He knew three people that were on this mission from central headquarters that were totally nuts. There was Nick-byte. Who would take extra time on missions to blow the & out of terrorists bodies after he killed them. PinkPino who would remove clothes and out right pervert dead bodies after he had killed them. And Liza who was famous for that one time she pulled down her pants and shat straight on body not taking any head to the warnings that the downed enemy was alive.

Him, he had a bad temper. But that was all, he wondered why he would set up all the worst agents in one team? He had overheard from the director. Mr. Liam. That some of us had even killed hostages and lied and bribed their way out of it. This was crazy? Wasn't it? Why would they trust such an important mission to us. To prove ourselves?

The machine finally shifted upwards penetrating soil and uplifting loads of dust. Several crew members were already itching to fight some of us had SMG's others used rifles. And I even saw someone pull out a Desert Eagle. This was going to be tough. We weren't even sticking to a strategy. Just secure the stuff and go? I personally kept 2 flash bangs with me always. You never knew when such stuff would come in handy. It had saved his life PLENTY times before.

As soon as the door was opened some guy from Seal team rushed out charged to the left of the vehicle. He pulled out what looked like a magnum rifle from his tote bag. He hid on top of three boxes that were placed neatly in a few stacks. As soon as he had done that almost everyone had split up to either find terrorists to kill or to secure bomb sites. Zecht went into one of the armories in the corner

of the tank and searched for an M4A1. He found one, suited up and and headed for outside. What he saw was purely out of this world.

It turns out that the fight had already begun. He saw guts laden on ground and with a bandanna drifting in the wind. He hadn't even heard a sound. The guy that ran to left had already died! He saw his body limp, a few feet fallen from the top of the green boxes. He put it behind him and headed for the brown doors straight ahead of him. Suddenly, he saw a green dot aimed at his forehead. He ducked out of the away and heard a large bang. It was the sound of an "awp" if he ever head one. He had to be careful. He readied his M4A1 and hid behind another green crate to the left. Another bang was heard. That one nearly scraped his leg. He was getting really pissed about now. He moved to the right of the container hoping to god he wasn't aiming directly at him. He saw him still aiming to the left of him. This was great. He was getting ready to rock and roll now. He briefly pressed three times on his M4A1 the shots directly placed themselves right in his enemies head. The middle eastern man that had shot him had fallen his head exploding into a red gushing fountain of Jello with fruity bits.

He ran directly to his target again. He was in a bomb site with tons of crates. This looked like a bomb site. He decided to camp here and wait for his opponent to appear out of the corridor to straight in front of him.

It had been 5 minutes and he was getting nervous. His own nervousness was starting to make him see things. Suddenly, he saw a grey grenade fly into the center of near a crate to the right of him. He hurried and turned around. Before his retina's were blown apart from the magnesium. He turned around and saw a terrorist clad in all white with black boots and a black mask and hood. He was holding an ak-47 it looked like and he was rushing for the exit. He would make sure that this guy wouldn't escape alive. He stepped to the right being careful not to be spotted by the terrorist when an extra one had appeared and spotted him. Zecht, being the quick shooter he was stayed from his target and shot the man clad in green a few time in the chest.

He had received fire from a glock which penetrated his arm. Zecht yelled in pain and he knew that was an amateurs mistake because that same terrorist he had spotted before sprayed the area in which Black was he know had been injured in his shooting shoulder and his left hand and leg. This was bad. He was going to die. He then remembered the flash bangs and smirked. He pulled one out of his pocket threw it over head and ducked down. He quickly did a barrel roll to the left and placed a nice a proper head shot on right in between the guys stunned eyes.

Zecht was tired at this rate. He REALLY WAS going to perish. He decided to keep camping in the area he was located in case the terrorists were were trying to destroy there own creations. Now that he thought of it this whole thing seemed kind of well. Stupid. Like some sort of game that didn't have any rules or make any sense. What about the director? Where had he dissipated of to. He didn't hear the tank start again at all. This didn't make any sense.

Another soldier in a green clad uniform armed with a FAMAS ran out of the corridor. He leaped behind a green crate and shot a incoming terrorist. "He was pretty good" Zecht thought. Zecht revealed himself

finally. He could tell the fellow counter-terrorist was re leaved at his presence. "I'm glad your alive?" he said. Gasping loudly. "Yeah, me too" Zecht replied. "Hey, dude listen. Your not going to believe this, but we were set-up". Zecht was quickly flashed with anger. "Shit" he said. He didn't want to believe it. He knew something was fishy and poorly set up about the entire thing. This was all too suspicious. He should of ran or escaped headquarters or something. But he knew inside that he couldn't have done anything to avoid it. He stood defeated. "Do you think? Do you think we're all going to die?". He laughed. I don't know. Everyone else is dead. Except for those two terrorists that went for this area. Everyone else had died. "I killed them" Zecht replied. He seemed even more relieved. "Listen, I don't know about you, but I think we need to get out of here." Zecht thought fondly of home in Britain. "Fine by me..."

And again, they didn't know that there horror was just beginning.

End  
file.